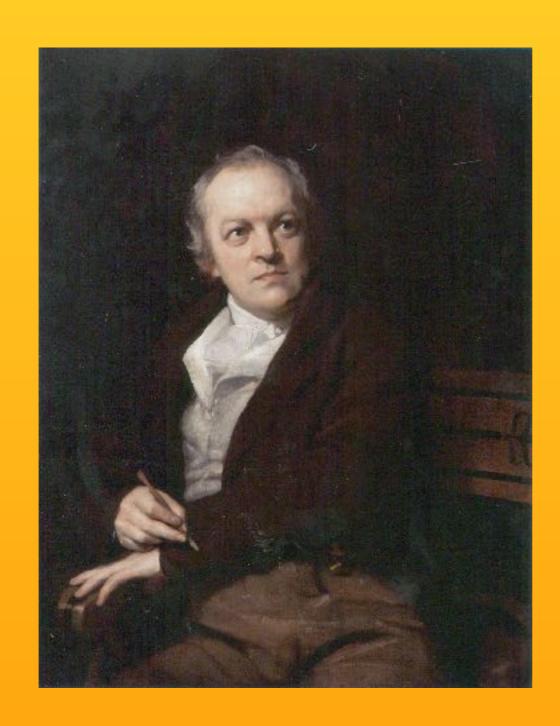
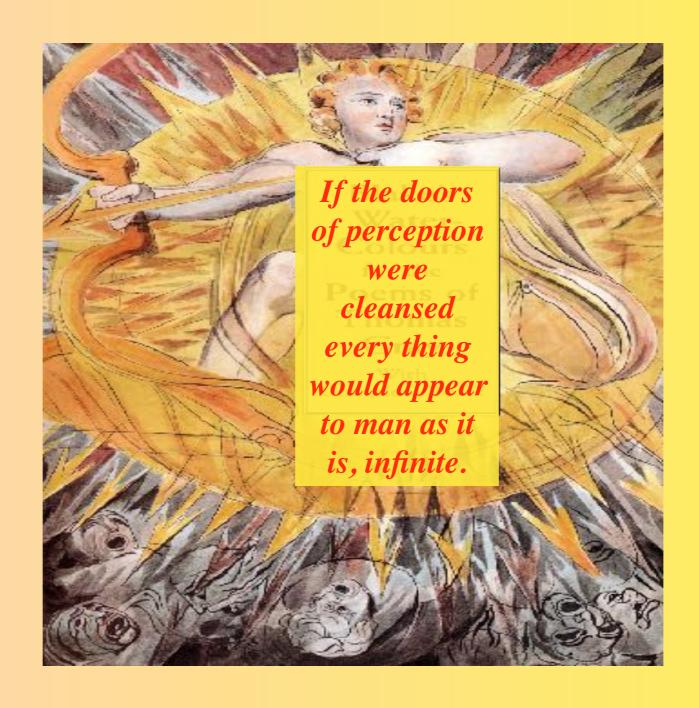
Portrait of William Blake by Thomas Phillips 1807



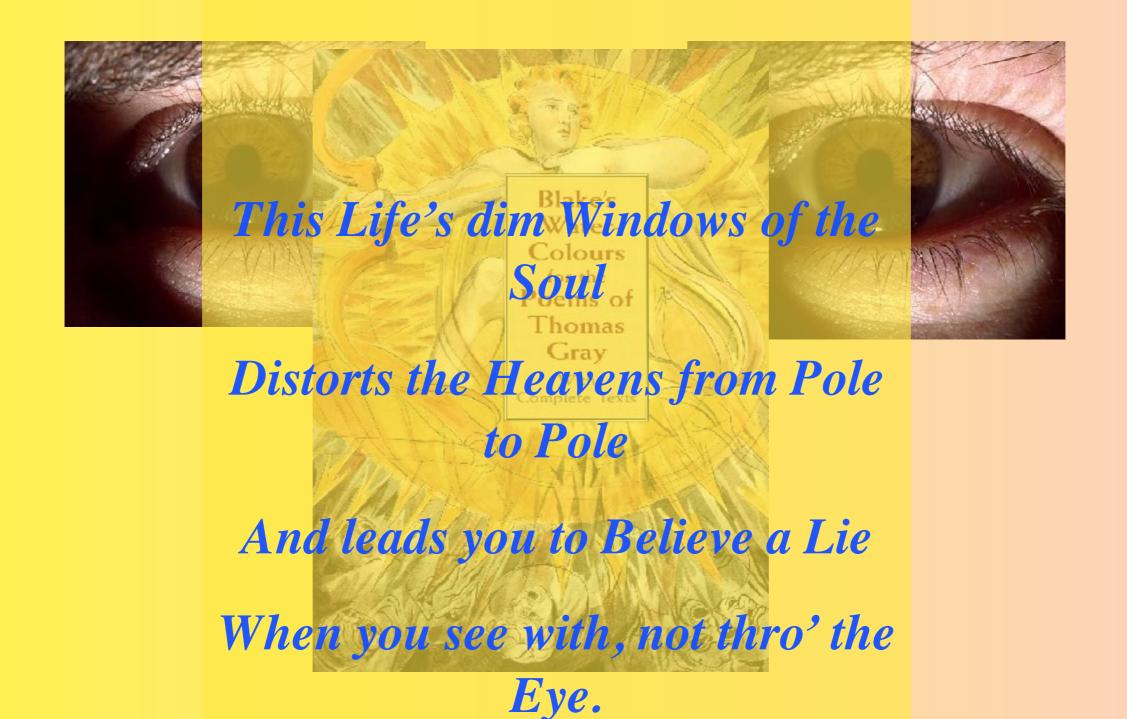


Hyperion: Sun God/ God of Imagination

Vision & Imagination



from "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell"

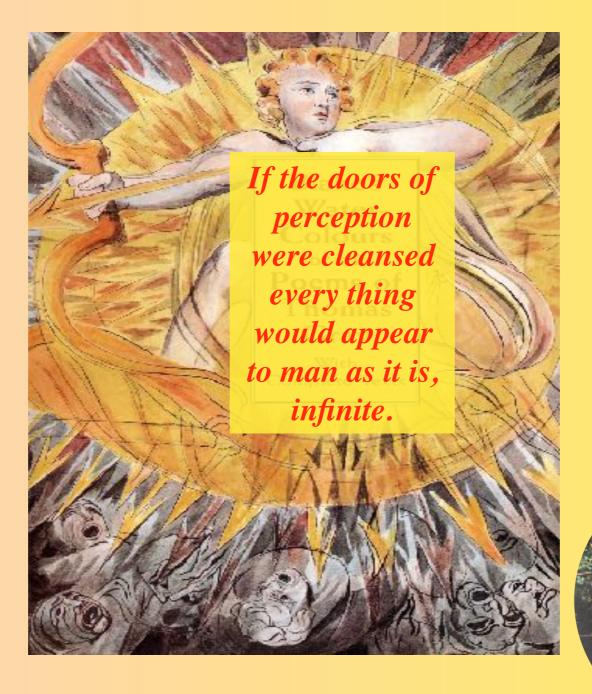


"The Everlasting Gospel" (449)



Vision & Imagination

The World Is a World of Imagination and Vision. I see Every thing I paint In This World, but Every body does not see alike. To the Eyes of a Miser a Guinea is more beautiful than the Sun.... Letter to John Trussler (470)







from "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell"

The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the Eyes of others only a Green



"I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by another Man's"

Jerusalem
Chapter 1 Plate 10 (316)



Excursion: M of H & H: 99, 101-"A Memorable Fancy", "A Song of Liberty"

"Awake! Awake O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand!...

Weep at thy soul's disease, and the Divine Vision is darkened..."

And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.

Macbeth 1.7: 21–25

Jerusalem
Chapter 1 Plate 4 (313)

SCENE VII. Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH MACBETH

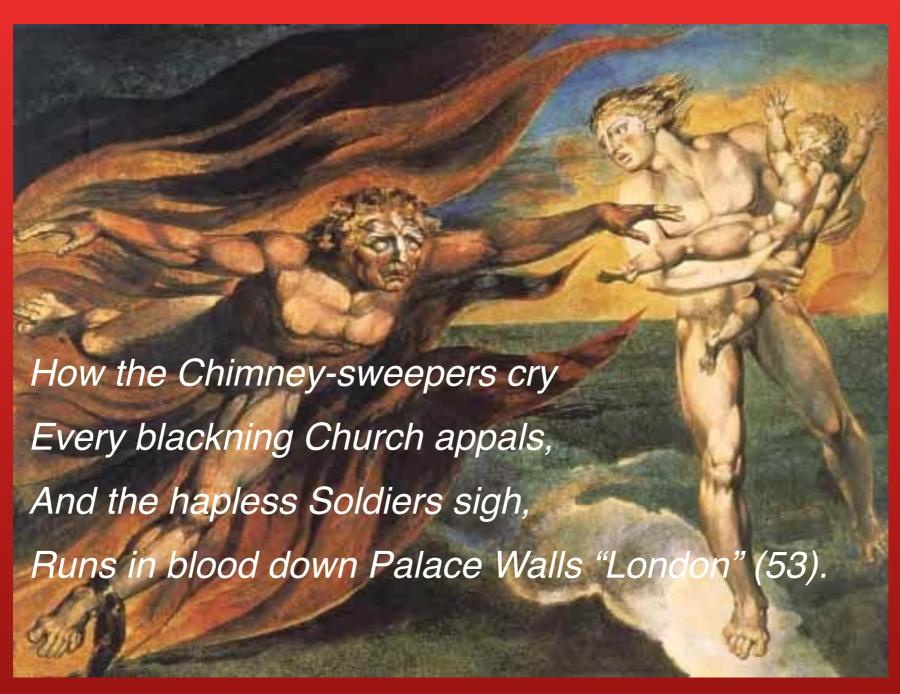
If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly: if the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases We still have judgment here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust; First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off; And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself And falls on the other. **Enter LADY MACBETH**



How now! what news? LADY MACBETH

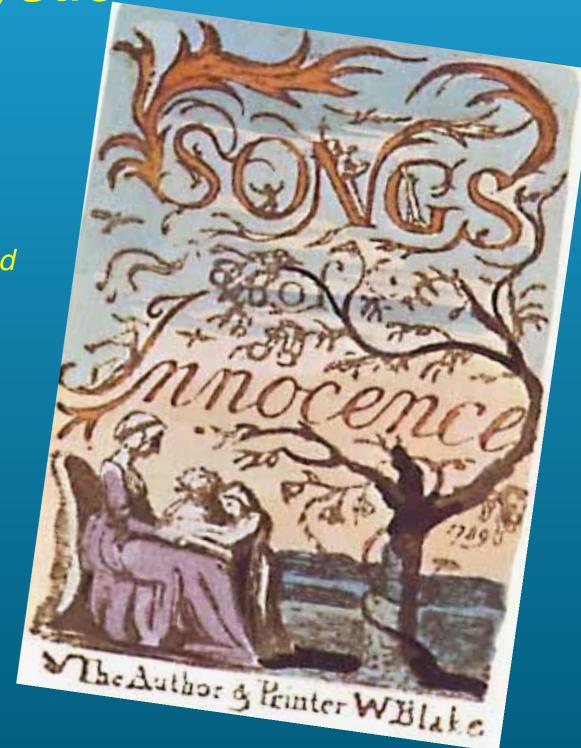
He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Blake Social Activist

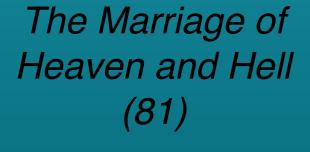


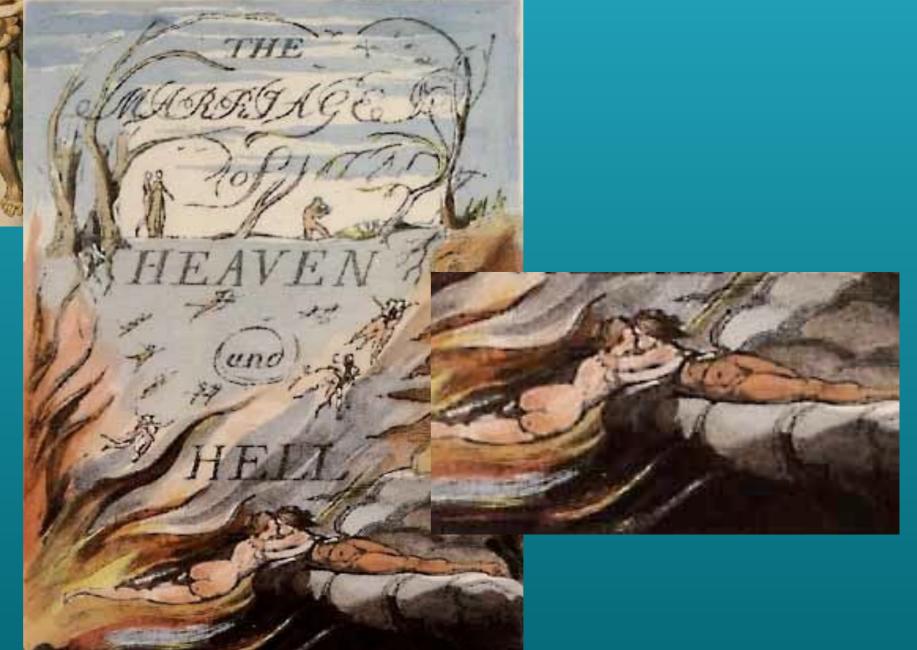
Blake the Mystic

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour
"Auguries of Innocence" (209).

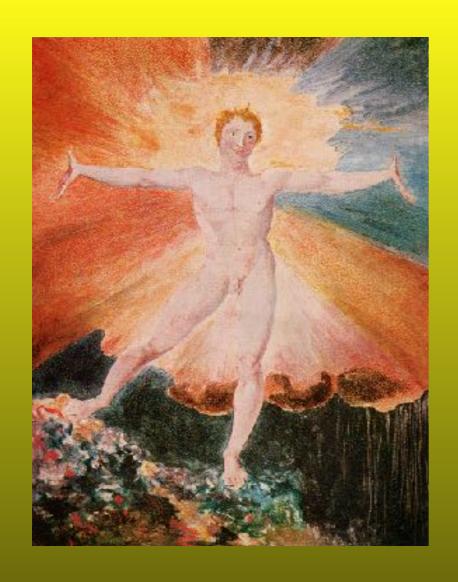


Blake's Quest to Reconcile Contrary States



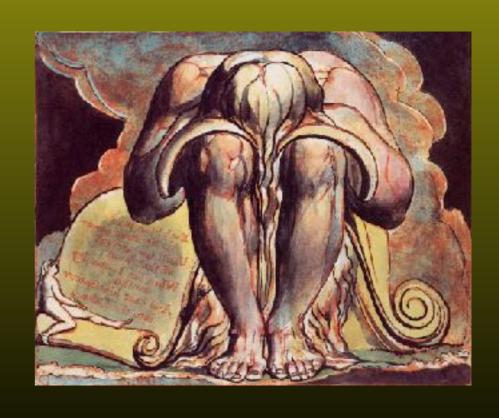


Without Contraries is no progression... (86)

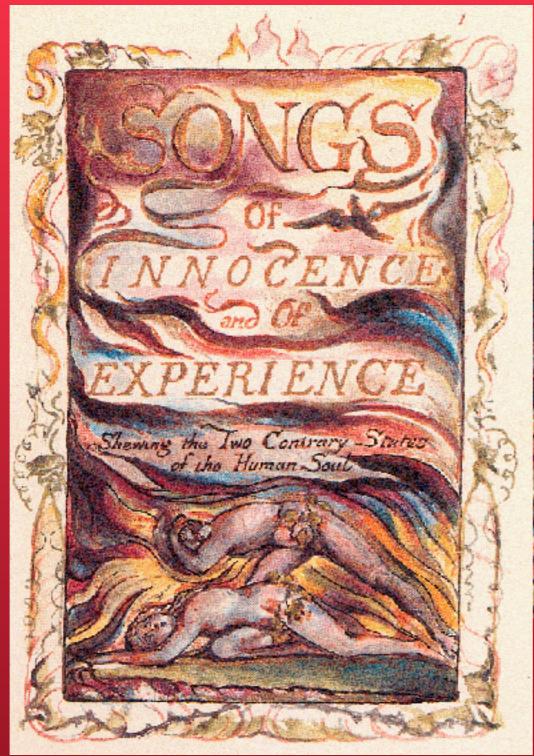


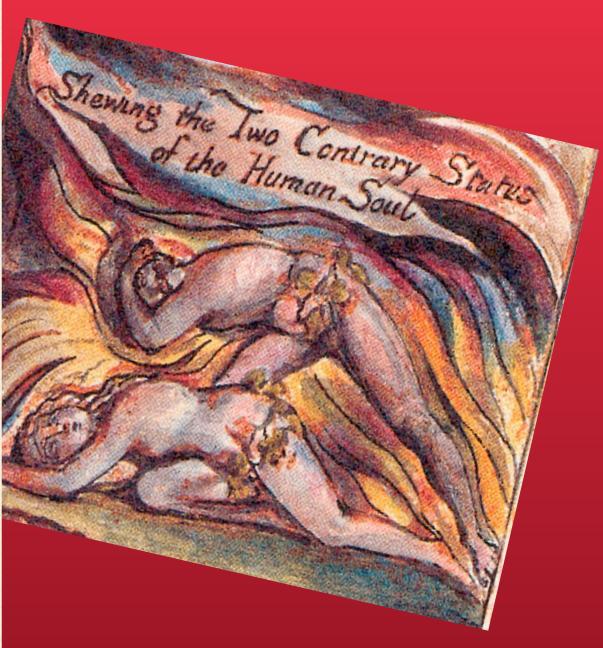
Man was made for Joy & Woe; And when this we rightly know Thro' the World we safely go.

Joy & Woe are woven fine,
A Clothing for the Soul divine;
Under every grief & pine
Runs a joy with silken twine



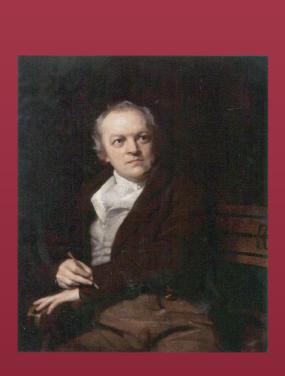
"Auguries of "Auguries of Innocence" (209).

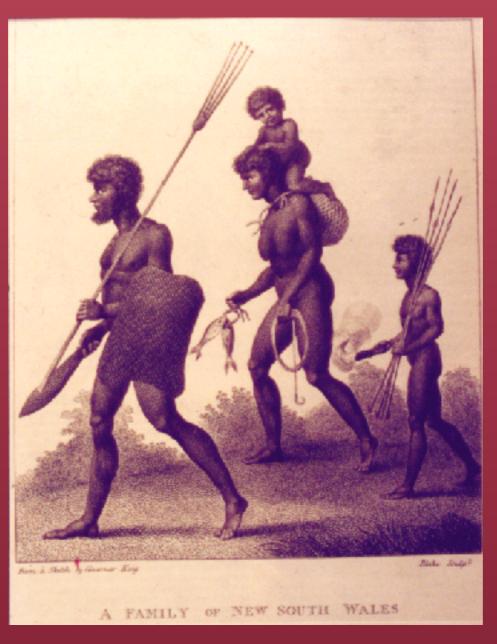




Songs of Innocence and Experience (19) eg: "The Lamb" & "The Tiger" (21&49)

William Blake's Impact on the Australian Imagination





"A Family of New South Wales" (1792).